

AN EXCELLENT *95*
GARLAND, *22*

Containing four Choice Songs.

- 1 The Rakish Youth.
- 2 The Buck taken in.
- 3 The Industrious Damsel.
- 4 Sportman's Hall.



MANCHESTER:
Printed and Sold by G. SWINDELLS,
Hanging Bridge.

The Rakish Youth.

COME all you wild and rakish youths,
A warning take by me,
And mind that you wrong no man,
Nor keep bad company.

2 I've been a wild and wicked youth,
And upon the road did ride,
But now at last I'm try'd and cast,
And condemned to die.

3 But when I came before the judge,
That was to try me then,
No pardon of them I did crave,
I boldly lifted up my hand.

4 Declaring the truth before the judge,
Likewise the jury then

Hoping they would not owe me a grudge,
I'm not the worst of men.

5 I said the scripture I have fulfill'd,
In every degree,

The poor I've always fed,
And the rich sent empty away.

6 As I was riding through yonder town,
I saw a man go to jail,

Because he could not his debts pay,
Nor give sufficient bail,

7 But a true and trusty friend in me,
He found that very day,

To the lawyer I paid forty pounds,
And the prisoner sent away.

8

(3)

After I'd paid the glittering gold,
And he'd got it in his purse,
I met the same lawyer on the road,
And boldly bid him stand.

9 I said you have borrowed of me,
Upon this very day,
I must nor can no longer trust,
I must have ready pay.

10 And when I had rifled all his bags,
And searched them o'er and o'er,
'Twas there I found my forty pounds,
And fifty bright guineas more.

11 What harm, what harm, my liege,
What harm in this I pray,
To rob such misers of their gold,
And the rich send empty away.

12 I never did rob nor harm no poor man,
As plainly doth appear,
And if you please to pardon me,
Then be not too severe.

13 O then bespoke the antient judge,
That was to try me then,
A wicked course of life thou'st led,
I'd have thee for to mend,

14 Repent, repent, in time of need,
For what is done and past,
Since there is none against thee appears,
Now thou art quit at last.

The Buck taken in.

AS I walk'd forth one sweet pleasant evening
It was in the summer as I have heard say
A las! neat and pretty, one of London city,
Her colour was rosy her cloathing was gay.

2I stepped up to her pretending to woo her,
Crying where are you going my sweet pretty
mad,

Great gifts I presented and love I pretended,
I being at that time a wanton young blade.

3No, no, sir I cannot, I must not, I dare not.

No, no sir, I dare not, for I am too young.

No, no sir, I must not, I dare not, my mammy,
Will chide me I have tarry'd so long.

4If my father hears of his daughters proceedings
Being given to folly he would at me grieve,
Neither houses, nor garden, nor one single far-
thing,

He would not give me as long as I live.

5No, no sir I cannot, I must not, I dare not,
Submit to your passion for I am a maid,

My friends will discover I've got a new lover,
And really they'll say I've the wanton one play'd

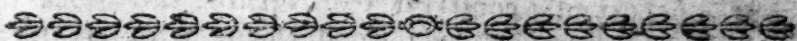
6With that all her charms beat up fresh alarms
I thought I should purchase her sweet maiden-
head,

Ten guineas she demanded to that I consented,
And when supper was over got madam to bed

9 If he be a ballad-finger a good heart,
 I'll sing with him and n-ver part,
 While he writes one copy I will write ten,
 I'll open my inkhorn while he purs in his pen.

10 If he be a printer, when he is in haste,
 I'll lay on the sheets while he goes to rest,
 Squeezing, pressing, we both shall agree,
 And warrant is writing and pressing of me.

11 Come misers or maltsters, or husbandmen,
 Come soldiers or sailors, or any of them,
 Speak up but the word, upon my life,
 I'm a girl that will make them a careful wife.



Sportsman's Hall.

1 I Have a tenement to let will please both great and
 small sir,
 And if you'd know the name of it, I call it Sportman's
 Hall, sir.

'Tis seated in a pleasant vale near to a rising hill, sir,
 And through it runs a purling stream wou'd turn a little
 mill, sir.

2 It is not roof'd with slate or tile, nor is it piec'd nor
 patch'd, sir.

Yet a drop of rain can ne'er get in, it is so nice tatch'd sir;
 If I don't let it very soon, by Jove I'll have it cry'd sir,
 For what's the use of such a thing if not well occupy'd sir.

3 This house is very dark at night, and so it is by day
 Yet if you enter once aright you can't miss the way to

When once your'e in, push boldly on, as far as e'er you
can, fir,

And if you reach the farther end you'll be where ne'er
was man, fir.

There is no window to this house nor is there but one
door, fir,

No parlours nor fine rooms up stairs, but just the middle
floor, fir,

Yet let not this discourage you, for ere you long are
there fir,

What tho' your furniture be large you'll find you've
room to spare, fir.

On two rais'd pillars stands this house, yet though so high
the door, fir,

You can't get fairly in unless you creep upon all four fir,
Tho' there's ne'er a soul within this little door t' unlock
fir,

It is so curiously contriv'd 'twill open if you knock fir.

It is surrounded by a wood where there is game in
plenty,

Of hares so stout you scarce can find the like places
twenty,

Of coney hunting day and night you'll have your full
enjoyment,

And if in cocking you delight, ne'er will you want em-
ployment.

This house is warm without a fire, in it is peace and
plenty,

It is in very good repair and has stood years but twenty,
The sort of tenant I would chuse I now will tell you fairly,
He must be young, and one that can get up both late and
early.

One that cultivates the land and sows it in due season,
That handles well his thrashing flail, where'er there is
occasion,

If he doth this I promise him I ne'er for rent will call fir,
But if he fails I will reject him out of Sportman's hall fir.

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